Gentleman: but *Anne* loues him not, for *I* know *Anne* mindeas well as another do's, out vpon't, what haue *I* forgot. *Exit.*

Actus Secundus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Miſtris Page, Miſtris Ford, Maſter Page, Maſter Ford, Piſtoll, Nim, Quickly, Hoſt, Shallow.

Mi. Page. What, haue *I* ſcap'd Loue-letters in the holly-day-time of my beauty, and am *I* now a ſubiect for them? let me ſee.

Aske me no reaſon why I loue you, for though Loue vſe Reaſon for his preciſian, hee admits him not for his Counſailour: you are not young, no more am I: goe to then, there's ſimpathie: you are merry, ſo am I: ha, ha, then there's more ſimpathie: you loue ſacke, and ſo doe I: would you not deſire better ſimpathie? Let it ſuffice thee (Miſtris Page) at the leaſt if the Loue of Souldier can ſuffice, that I loue thee: I will not ſay, pitty mee, 'tis not a Souldier-like phraſe; but I ſay, loue me:

By me, thine owne true Knight, by day or night:
Or any kinde of light, with all his might,
For thee to fight, *IohnFalſtaffe.*

What a *Herod* of *Iurie* is this? O wicked, wicked world. One that is well-nye worne to peeces with age To ſhow himſelfe a young Gallant? What an vnwaied Behauiour hath this Flemiſh drunkard pickt (with The Deuills name) out of my conuerſation, that hee dares In this manner aſſay me? why, hee hath not beene thrice In my Company, what ſhould *I* ſay to him? *I* was then Frugall of my mirth: (heauen forgiue mee,) why ile Exhibit a Bill in the Parliament for the putting downe of men, how ſhall I be reueng'd on him? for reueng'd I will be? as ſure as his guts are made of puddings.

Miſ. Ford. Miſtris Page, truſt me, I was going to your houſe.

Miſ. Page. And truſt me, I was going very ill.

Miſ. Ford. Nay, ile nere beleeue that the contrary.

Miſ. Page 'Faith but you doe in my *Miſ. Fords* Well: I doe then; yet you to the contrary; O Miſtris *Page*, g faile.

Miſ. Page. What's the matter, woma

Miſ. Ford. O woman; if it were not ſpect, I could come to ſuch honour.

Miſ. Page. Hang the trifle (woman what is it? diſpence with trifles; what i

Miſ. Ford. If I would but goe to hell, ment, or ſo; I could be knighted.

Miſ. Page. What thou lieſt? Sir *Alice* will hacke, and ſo thou ſhouldſt not alt Gentry.

Miſ. Ford. Wee burne day-light; perceiue how I might be knighted, I ſha of fat men, as long as I haue an eye to mens liking; and yet hee would womens modeſty; and gaue ſuch or ued reproofe to all vncomelineſſe, that his diſpoſition would haue gone t words: but they doe no more adhere a gether, then the hundred Pſalmes to th ſleeues: What tempeſt (I troa) threw th many Tuns of oyle in his belly) a'ſhoar ſhall I be reuenged on him? I thinke t to entertaine him with hope, till the wic melted him in his owne greaſe. Did like?

Miſ. Page. Letter for letter; but *Page* and *Ford* differs; to thy great c ſtery of ill opinions, heer's the twyn-b ter; but let thine inherit firſt for I ſhall: I warrant hee hath a thouſand o